THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. S. W. Corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, Second Story. | PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1841. | TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $0 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE NO. 1029.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Heiress.

A Tale of Domestic Life.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What think you of Miss Talbot, Harry?" said Edward Upton to his friend.

"She is pretty—accomplished—conversable—and quite a belle."

"Dreadful out as if you lost a tooth at every word. Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter with you, that you can't see perfection where every one else discovers it? Miss Talbot—think, she's without a rival, and then such a fortune. Give me your heiresses after all."

"It is quite mysterious, however, not to see any thing of that perfection you speak of in Miss Talbot. To me she is a mere lady of fashion—"

"My dear fellow—"

"Hear me out. I said Miss Talbot was a mere lady of fashion, and I repeat it. She is in everything too selfish, vain, and flippant. She is always gazing on herself, and thinking, right hon. she wore attentions by tricks a real lady should be ashamed of, she never yet conversed for communication of thought. I—"

"Stop, stop," said Harry Morven, laughing, "you caricature her little foibles too extravagantly, and one would think you a judge running up the crimes of a wretch he was about condemning to die. True Miss Talbot likes a little consideration, but it is a corporeal, not what then? The first maiden her wife, and the last will add to the reputation of the fortunate fellow who wins her. For my part, even if your strictures were true, I'd venture into a sunny fairies to obtain a cool ten thousand a year."

"That, then, is the secret of your attentions to Miss Talbot, eh?" said Upton, "when you cannot but own to be more beautiful."

"Faith! and you're right there, though Miss Talbot is quite pretty."

"Yes! and only pretty. Ellen Inskrop, on the contrary, is beautiful, and has the expression of an angel, if we may judge from her countenance, of the dream of those bright beings. And then how amiable! In every thing she is superior to her cousin, except in wealth. She has no withdrawn, she does not continually strive for admiration, she can sit and converse with you for hours without speaking a word either of jealousy or of romance. Ah! Harry, if you only knew when you were wise you would at once own her virtues instead of being dazzled by her empty-minded cousin."

"Faith!" said Morven, shrugging his shoulders, "I don't know but what you are half right after all, and if Miss Talbot only were a wife for me, I would also take her without further parley. But—there's the rub! The fort is, my dear fellow, I can't afford to marry a poor wife. Always brought up in expensive habits, I have even custom my income, and must now either retrench or marry a fortune. And although I think of doing the former, I must look out for an heiress. And, after all, Miss Talbot is not so bad for a fashionable wife, and would look well at the head of one's table. You needn't shake your head. Economy I detest, and so I can't for a moment entertain the idea of retrenching. Just think what the world would say if they heard that the gay and fashionable Morven had married one of your amiable creatures without a sixpence, and retaking himself to some miserable cottage in the country, had sunk down into a quiet tread-mill sort of a chap, without a thought except for his wife and children, his pigs, his orchard, and the price of grain. Fudaw! it makes me sick to think of it."

"Well, we are discussing the question with you, I see. Suppose we go and visit the ladies."

"With all my heart," said Morven,—and the two young men arose and went together.

Harry Morven was a young man of fortune, and naturally of a noble nature,—but the continued round of fashionable dissipation in which he lived, had gradually changed his disposition so that it was impossible to say whether the good or the evil predominated in him. Accustomed to luxury from his earliest childhood, he could not withstand the temptation of marrying a poor wife. Until it was impossible to say whether the good or the evil predominated in him. Accustomed to luxury from his earliest childhood, he could not withstand the temptation of marrying a poor wife. Until he could behold Sylvan that he could not endure the thought of mere competence, which he called poverty,—and he was therefore willing to sacrifice the happiness of his life, for the purpose of winning an heiress. Of this success he did not for a moment doubt. His personal appearance, his address, the reputation of wealth, and celebrated as the beau of the season, he had already flattered himself that Miss Talbot would not withstand his attentions. Her great wealth was a prize not to be overlooked,—and even before his conversation with Upton, he had resolved on wooing and winning her.

His friend, however, was of a far different character. Edward Upton was indeed one of nature's noblest works. He did not despise the wealth of Morven, nor did he make any pretensions to fashion, but for men were more polished in their demeanor, or more fascinating here room-mates in college, and though after they had graduated the two friends had separated,—the one to study a profession, the other to commence a career of fashion—yet a mutual correspondence had been kept up between them, and, they had continued their boyish intimacy unimpaired. Indeed it was not until the lapse of nearly four years, when they met again, that Upton observed the change which the gay world had worked in his friend. He left him a frank-hearted, and often generous youth: he met him a selfish, sneering man of fashion. They had both arrived at the same springs, at the same time, and while there, had met the two cousins, Miss Talbot and Miss Inskrop, from Boston. The former was said to be an heiress to an immense amount, while the latter had nothing but her virtues to recommend her.

But if Emily Inskrop was without wealth she was not the less to be admired, nor was it long, after the foregoing conversation, before Sylvan became conscious that his affections were irretrievably placed upon her. This discovery of his feelings placed him in a dilemma, from which he scarcely knew how to extricate himself. Having little doubt but he could at last succeed in gaining poverty, depriving her of the thousand little nameless luxuries which, from long use, had become necessary to her! Besides he was certain that her uncle, who was also her guardian, and who attended the cousins at the Springs, would never consent to her union with him. Many an anxious day and sleepless night did Sylvan spend in thinking over his situation; but every hour only convinced him more and more of the hopelessness of the task. Yet he could not resist seeking the company of Miss Inskrop, and, though at first, she had seemed not insensible to his attentions, yet of late her manner had grown more reserved and cold. This confirmed his opinion of the impossibility of obtaining her hand, and unable to leave the springs, he found himself whiling away his time, and often, when alone, he would bitterly condemning to die. True Miss Talbot likes a little consideration, but it is a corporeal, not what then? The first maiden her wife, and the last will add to the reputation of the fortunate fellow who wins her. For my part, even if your strictures were true, I'd venture into a sunny fairies to obtain a cool ten thousand a year."

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[illegible] the speaker, but he turns [illegible] to answer, falls down [illegible] and tell him he must [illegible] to him. It is evidently [illegible] that the beauty never had [illegible] about whom, and tell [illegible] to attend, and that all the [illegible] for his comfort. His thoughts are yet [illegible] Dine she knows it! [illegible] He can speak of [illegible]

[illegible] wise, and talk kindly [illegible] more collected, and can [illegible] it true to me. Mr. Carlisle, it is time they were [illegible] rest round here, and shake [illegible] without being duly [illegible] and of a young man, [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] him. They have passed [illegible] the open air—in the street [illegible] herself where [illegible] which has been in all his [illegible] have been busy [illegible] and yet how cheerful and [illegible] the gentlemen, in taking [illegible] many into his hand. He [illegible] he begs [illegible] he pronounces, he hastily re-

[illegible] aining in a neighbouring [illegible] with him, [illegible] can only travel at a fast [illegible] on before, because [illegible] get further from the [illegible] to rest. [illegible] same with this precaution [illegible] to him. On the road [illegible] he Air, but when they [illegible] he begs [illegible] there the house appears in [illegible] only for a minute or [illegible]

[illegible] her, for the old gentleman [illegible] mend their pace, and [illegible] Robert's mother, [illegible] the latter part it drew [illegible] to have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

engaged to dance with a evening passing away delightfully, the invited to sit in a private box; talking agreeably with the ——— ——— ——— to say nothing of looking all round the house——but not half the Prime Donne, just speaking to under her opposite: one of the gentlemen whispers, "Mrs. ——— sees in the ladies to speak with you." "Good evening, ladies!" said end I go, to exchange the entertaining scenes of pleasure for the chamber of the sick or dying.

"Ah!" said dismal I, sober-ish down somewhat by this melancholy little touch, "what a picture have put drawn of the every-day life of the city doctor! And I suppose that Sunday would bring you no relief?"

"None whatever. Bells ring in the morning; shave—get to church—put my head down—mind composed; world and its vanities put to flight—almost on the verge of heaven. Reverend gentleman takes his text: just then most comes down the aisle, stops at my pew door, leans down, whispers in my ear; take up my hat; clergyman says to himself, "Poor fellow! cannot wonder God in peace!" Friends nod and smile; incline put their heads together; people hang over the galleries; suppose the deuce's got out. Ah! my dear fellow, believe me, it is a dog's life!"

Saturday Evening Post.

PUBLISHED AND CONDUCTED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to have our good friend and customers of our old brethren at any time.

A Short Chit-Chat.

Now that Master Humphrey's Clock has been finished, we shall devote our hot pegs to its old medley of fun, sentiment, philosophy and knowledge. We had no idea when we began it, that "The Old Curiosity Shop," would be extended into so long a tale. But "hope springs eternal" in future we shall discard all stories, however good otherwise, of immoderate length. Next week, we shall give on our first page an original tale, by the well-known Author of "Crossing in the Last War." Look out!

Other Credits.

We see several of the original stories, which were written for, and published in this paper, are going the rounds over our exchanges, without credit. Among those guilty of the want of courtesy is the "Literary Souvenir," of Lowell, Mass., which has in its last, "The Religan." We don't insist upon the proper names, &c., but every paper that adopts such a course from our exchange.

The Olive Branch and Indiana Sun copy "The Maiden's Adventure," from the Magazine, without credit a contemporary. Fair play gentlemen.

Street near Town.

Now is the season for grafting, and no farmer ought suffer an indifferent fruit tree on his place, when by this simple process he can ensure him self the finest fruit. Even old and large trees may be greatly improved, if some of the most vigorous limbs, near the centre, are selected for the insertion of scions—but it is always best to graft when the trees are young. The practised nursery man cut off all the inferior trees from the ground, when they are about the size of a man's finger, and place the graft on the stock, and then the whole outer-good body of the tree will produce one sort of fruit.

There are many modes of grafting, but *cleft grafting* is the most common. It is usually practised on stocks from one to two inches in diameter. It is thus performed. The head of the stock is carefully sawed off at a part free from knots, and the top pared smooth; with a thin knife split the stock through the centre, to the depth of about two inches, and insert a wedge to keep it open for the reception of the scion. The scion is to be prepared in the form of a wedge; with an eye, if possible, in the upper part of the section thus formed; perfect success is the more certain when thin is the case. The scion is now to be carefully inserted, so that the inner bark of the scion and of the stock may exactly meet. Large stocks require two scions, one on each side; sometime four are inserted. The whole is now to be carefully covered with composition, or grafting clay, except two or three eyes of each scion. This mode of grafting is equally applicable to very small stocks, but being weak, must be bound with a cord of bass matting.

To secure your grafting, attention must be paid to the composition. We have known the best kind to be made of three parts of resin, three parts of bees wax, and one part tallow, melted together; when well mixed, it is poured into water and worked up like shoemaker's wax by hand. This composition may be spread while in a melted state pretty thickly with a brush on very strong brown paper. This paper is to be cut into small strips of suitable size, and is very thickly applied. In cool weather, it may be instantly warmed with the breath, so as become adhesive.

The Boundary Question.

The Legislature of Maine, our readers will recollect, passed a series of Resolutions some time since, appointed to the command of their militia to support the claim of that State upon the Government of the Union "to establish the line which that Government has unfortunately declared to be the true boundary" between the territory of the United States and that of Great Britian. The Senate of the United States, upon receiving these resolutions, referred them to a Select Committee, of which Gen. B. C. Howard was the Chairman. By this Committee a report was made, elaborate and able, accompanied by three maps, restoring the whole ground of the controversy with a precision as well as acuteness which could hardly be expected of any one who was less familiar with the subject then the distinguished Chairman of the Committee, who enjoyed the best opportunity of making himself acquainted with it during his late service in Congress at the head of the Committee of Foreign Relations in the House of Representatives. The report and the maps are mainly favorable to the claim, heretofore asserted by the Executive of the United States, and sanctioned by the unanimous votes of both Houses of Congress.

The resolutions appended to the report declare the right of Maine to the Territory in dispute, express a perfect confidence that the National Government will honorably assert and adjust the claim of Maine, and request that State to contribute, by all means in its power, to a speedy and amicable settlement of the dispute upon honorable terms. The most important of the resolutions, however, is the following:

"Resolved, That, *if the British Government should acknowledge the title of the State of Maine to the Territory in dispute, and offer a fair equivalent for the passage through it of a military road, it would be a reasonable mode of adjusting the dispute, and ought to be satisfactory to the State of Maine.*"

This is a proposition which we have never before exactly seen. It puts the matter in a new and more favorable light, and we hope will meet with the consideration of both governments.

Good Coverage.

It is stated that in the heat of the recent action in Florida between Taskawgalliaed Leon, Alhertie, private Lone finding his gun missing fire, was seen to drop upon his knees, and taking out his screw driver, removed the old flint, and inserted a new one, recommenced firing more to his satisfaction.

English Magdeleth.

Methodistizing is the name which many of the English periodicals have given to Dunelly, from his late speech on American literature, they have a happy knack of appropriating to themselves, much of the wit and humor of their cousins. Another view of the matter is taken by the Boston Courier, which says:

The report of the proceedings of the Rev. Dr. G. S. Bunn, a clergyman of which denomination he gave last week, has called forth a reply from Matthew Biddle, the former president of that institution. This reply appeared in the shape of a letter addressed to the Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, published in the National Gazette of the 10th and 13th inst. Without entering into this controversy, we shall gratify the curiosity of our readers by giving also a synopsis of these letters. Between the two rival parties the public must decide.

The most prominent charge against Mr. Biddle in the report was that he paid off his private debts at the time of the pressure, which caused the loss of the cotton speculation in depreciated funds. The history he gives of the transaction is this.

"As early day, he says, perceiving that, if the price of cotton could be maintained in England, this country would more readily pay off her debts, he determined to do so, and with the concurrence by which cotton might be purchased in the south, and paid for by drafts on the bank, which drafts could be repaid in the same way that cotton should be sold in Europe. By skillfully keeping back the article there, he hoped always to maintain it a high price. At first he endeavored to persuade others to engage in the scheme, but finding most averse to it, he embarked in it himself. A firm was established in Liverpool, called Humphreys and Biddle, who became the active agents in these transactions, and for a while everything went on smoothly. After the resignation of Mr. Biddle, however, and the introduction into which the bank fell in Europe, Mr. Jaudon was several times in great emergencies, from which he was only extricated by large sales of cotton, made by Humphreys and Biddle, at his pressing solicitations, and on a sufficient promise of indemnity for any extreme loss they might suffer. That firm also endorsed and accepted for him extensively, so extensively, in fact, that their credit finally began to suffer. Under these circumstances they made a representation to Mr. Dunlap, the then president of the U. S. Bank, when he engaged that the bank would indemnify Humphreys and Biddle for any loss sustained on their accounts, as well future, as past.

When, therefore, the balance claimed was presented to Mr. Biddle, in declining paying it, crying that the cotton was sacrificed for the sake of the bank, and that, had it been held back, no loss would have been suffered. The opinion of Chancellor Kent was taken, who declared Mr. Biddle not liable to the bank under these circumstances. To prevent litigation, and out of old friendship to the Bank, Mr. Biddle says he finally agreed to pay the sum by way of compromise, though never convinced instead of each party having floated to the earth; while some it whirled around and around, or went whizzing, swifter then a comet, past the windows. By night, the snow by nearly a foot deep, and had it not melted at first as rapidly as it touched the earth, we have no doubt, the flakes would have lain at least fifteen inches deep.

The next morning, however, the sun was up early, and at work, so that before nightfall the greater portion of the snow had disappeared.——

Let it be recorded, however, that the 12th of April, 1840,—the period of his retirement—he says were as follows. The statement is based on the report of the committee of direction:

Liabilities,	$35,641,611
Assets,	74,561,756

As compared with the Bank of England, at the same date, the U. S. Bank stood as follows:

BANK OF ENGLAND.	
Circulation, £8,320,000	£8,320,000
Deposits, 7,360,000	2,032,000
£2,272,000	£1,411,000
BANK OF U. STATES.	
Circulation, $3,221,124	$3,305,350
Deposits, 6,473,592	1,905,000
$9,694,719	$5,204,674

At the same period, Mr. Biddle says, the money-pod market, both in specie and paper, was usually easy. In England, discounts ranged from 3 to 4½ per cent. The Stocks, which are now so low, were then at excellent prices, as the following tables will show:

Time.	1st March, 1840.	1st March, 1841.
Bank of the United States,	110	77
Pennsylvania 5s,	104	75
Bank of Philadelphia,	105	75
Farmers' Bank of Virginia,	102	90
Ohio 6s,	107	90
Kentucky 6s,	103	75
Mississippi Sterling 6s,	105	90

Domestic exchange was easy. That on New Orleans was at par for 1 per cent. premium. The highest discount on drafts at sight from any quarter of the Union was 4 per cent.

Having found a friend in Mr. Wayn, when he could depart from the Bank honorably, he resigned, leaving it in the following condition:

Notes in circulation, $23,075,483

With 74 millions to pay 35.

With the highest character and credit.

Dividing right per cent, yet laying up something every year.

The Stock selling at 116.

The foreign exchanges easy.

The domestic exchanges low and uniform.

The only contentment with the General and State Governments settled.

With peace at home and abroad."

Mr. Biddle then proceeds to say that up to Jan. 1840, ten months after his retirement, the directors continued to declare the prosperity of the Bank. We shall not quote the various encomiums, but merely their effect. Resolutions then were passed,

"On the 1st of January, 1839, declaring a dividend of four per cent. and announcing a surplus of more than four millions.

On the 29th of March, 1839, asserting that the Bank was prosperous in all its relations.

On the 1st of July, 1839, declaring a dividend of four per cent., with a surplus of more than four millions.

On the 15th of Nov. 1839, after a detailed examination by two committees, asserting still a surplus of three millions.

On the 1st of January, 1840, exhibiting a surplus of more than five millions, and abstaining from making a dividend only because it was then merely from prudential considerations, in respect to the Legislature.

After this exhibition—continues Mr. B.—can any one deny what I proposed to prove, that, when I left the Bank', in March, 1839, it was in a safe and prosperous condition?"

The Ex-President closes, by stating what he thinks are the causes of the prostration of the Bank. They are in effect the difficulty in the English money market, commencing in 1838, which renders all stocks, and therefore American ones, unconvertible in London except at a heavy sacrifice. These causes existed on this country, and stocks began to be depressed. Then came the first resumption—which Mr. B. calls premature, in consequence with the Government. To make this latter fall first on the N. Y. Banks, heavy bills were drawn by the U. S. Bank on the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of New York, requiring them for specie, &c., and at last has contracted.

The consumer has made a very favorable report, which we to have been read in public session yesterday. The delivered last week a course of lectures upon the subject, to a select circle of Americans and French citizens, and has gone to Havre, to embark in the pushes of the 16th, for New York. Mr. Sopp has lectured in England and Scotland, and I believe he is the first American that ever has given a lecture on any science in Great Britain."

Mode of U. S. Bank.

Letters of Mr. Biddle in reply to those of the Clayton Committee—Contrast—Opinions of Mr. Biddle—Mismanagement of the Bank in April, 1839—Resolutions of the Directors—Mr. Biddle—Another view of the business of the Bank—Opinions of Mr. Biddle.

Such is the substance of the reply——for so Mr. B. is directly involved——to the report of the Clayton Committee. Other documents from both sides follow them. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of either's data. We only make room for them, subject to the fidelity of our columns. We espouse neither cause. An impartial public will decide between the two.

Proposed Establishment in the City.

The New York Star gives the following account of the financial submission in that city, on the occasion of the death of General Harrison. The meeting was held at the City Hall, attended much from the solemnity and magnificence of the funeral pageant. Still it was gorgeous in the extreme, and notwithstanding the torrents of sleet and snow and rain which fell without intermission during the ceremonies, the side-walks, steps, and even the roofs of the houses, were crowded with spectators along the entire line of march.

The procession began to move about one o'clock. At this time the storm had not set in, and the sun shone brightly, though clouds were overshadowed the whole sky gave token of its approach. The military companies, with their bands, marched with escort and marching in advance to the full roll of the muffled drum, comprised nearly one third of the procession. There could not have been less than five thousand men in military costume. The Ore, which was borne by the milters of the Constitution, was of the ordinary shape, and gilt. At the bank was an eagle with extended wings, in each carved over the summit of the ore, and bearing in its beak a scroll inscribed with the name of "Harrison." The names of "Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette, Harrison," appeared on the front of the urn.

The city may be said to have been hung in mourning. From the windows of the houses in Broadway, both sides of the streets to East Broadway, both sides of the streets were literally draped with black. At along the wrong Exeter hung the gloomy festoon, and at some of the grey good stores black streamers were stretched from roof to pavement, or, floating from reached nearly across the street. In front of the Chatham Theatre was suspended in words, from the eagle on the roof down to the ground. In East Broadway, and indeed along the whole line of march, many of the private dwellings displayed mourning insignia, some of them having festoons of crape over their doors, and others slips of crape tied to the knockers or fastened to the front of the temporary platform which had been erected immediately in front of the City Hall, and information which exhibits that "the ceremonies of the day were over."

The procession was about four miles in length, and numbered from twelve to fourteen thousand men.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the obsequies probably left a more solemn and solemn ever witnessed in this country. Long may it be ere we have a similar occasion for such demonstrations of popular grief."

Family of Gen. Harrison.

Proposed Establishment in the City—Widow of the late President—Views of all Parties—Sentiments of the Executive—Departure of the late President's Family.

Many of the newspapers, of both political parties, are advocating the establishment of a sum, equalling a portion, or even the whole of the President's salary to the family of the late Gen. Harrison. Their arguments under which they have been placed, consequent upon their removal from the west, and their assumption of their new station, are certainly strong. The Executive has left them embarrassed. "Nothing suggests," says the N. American——"should be bestowed. No money can repair the agonizing bereavement, but the expenses which the family have already incurred in their removal and in hospitalities too freely extended, must be met. Nay, enough to sustain through life the heart-broken widow and the grieved relatives who were dependent, in a measure, upon the deceased for a support, should at once be placed at the disposal of the family."

Not less explicit is the tone of the Boston Post, the leading Van Buren paper in New England. "It would be" it says "no more than justice if Congress should vote to pay to Gen. Harrison's widow a year's salary" of the President, "or repeating it, a Whig newspaper, holds the following language. "Some of our cotemporaries are proposing that Congress should grant the amount of a year's presidential salary to the widow of the lamented Harrison. Now in our poor view, they could not do less, with decency, than appropriate the salary of *half a year*. It is not a question as much of this or that sum, as it is an indispensable tribute to relieve the wants of a poor but great man's family, whose limited means and inevitable necessity increased twenty fold by the partialities of the people. Let the declining years of the widow be comfort—does that neglect deprive them be fully cancelled—and a liberal something still left to secure those who will leave behind them that the honors of her husband, the happiness of her family, are some more than the mere breath of a name."

The afflicted family left Washington on Monday for the west. A correspondent of the capital thus speaks of them.

"As soon as Mr. Tyler arrived, he despatched a polite note to them, condoling with them on the heavy loss which the will of Providence had required them to bear, and requesting that they would consider the house of entire freedom, for the present, but would permit him to consider himself as indebted to their hospitality when he returned. He also offered them the use of his carriages as his guests. That they felt the kindness of his offer, they have no hesitation in acknowledging; but a sense of the duty they owed to the dead widow, prevailed over other considerations, and induced them to make the speediest arrangements for a journey to the West. Great difficulty was found in the effect which this step would be produced on the health of Mrs. Harrison, when the news of her bereavement reaches her. "Heaven only knows the kind to the shore bears her the worst state of health, clinging to her husband, as she did, with an affection which years had not loosed, it will require *fine* if she should sink under the violence of the shock."

Methodist Conference.

The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, commenced its session in our city on Thursday the 8th inst., and continued during a portion of the present week. The attendance was large, and the amount of business transacted unusually great. The sessions of the body were held in the church in Fourth below Arch street.

New York Election.

The municipal election in New York, took place on Tuesday, the 13th, when Robt. H. Morris, of the Van Buren ticket, was elected Mayor, by a majority of about 600. There was a falling off of nearly a fourth in the votes of both political parties.

Death of Gen. Harrison.

A letter from Washington, dated the 7th ult. in the New York Commercial Advertiser, we learn that on the 29th instant, 229 Indians settled from that place to New Orleans, on their way to Arkansas—they were principaly Tallahassees of Echo Emathla's band." "This ship, says the writer, "is the poor 95 Indians, increased now to 150, by the arrival yesterday of a party under Com Tustunuggee; Cosmo-ta-ha-ha, the family of the late chief, is the most intelligent and fine looking Indians I have ever seen.

Tustunuggee is little restraint upon one's feelings to extend a friendly hand to two such consummate villains and cold-blooded murderers as these last two chiefs. Their coming in is quite unexpected to us all, and I cannot believe but Wild Cat has done so with any intention of emigrating.

"The number of Seminoles at Sarrasota has been increased by recent arrivals to 90. Billy Bowlegs, the chief of the party, and the third in rank to Micanopy and Jumper, commands the band on the lower in a week, but before that time, through the plot of Massacras and Meyrand, Dr. Rohan is charged with the murder of Isabel's brother, and being tried, is condemned to die. The king refuses to pardon him; but Corse de Leon rescues him from prison. He is compelled to be an outlaw, but, in disguise, joins the army in Italy, where he becomes renowned, and finally heads the army that drives the Austrians from Italy, commanded by Meyrand, both now fighting against France. Here Isabel is rescued from the clutches of Meyrand, and her brother discovered. Meyrand, in a duel, will like dungeon of the castle. The murder being thus cleared up, and a few more difficulties removed from private, he is united: while Maserras and Meyrand become lost in obscurity and to their country. Here is incident enough for the most voracious of novel-readers. Really but a half of sequence, based temporarily up from public view, in order to comply with the law requiring executions to be private. Some of the readers will recollect the celebrated pretended confessions of the criminal's life, but the details are too disgusting for our columns. Many suspect him to have been a monster, and not a human form. He remained proof to the efforts of ministers of all denominations, and remains indeed in his sins. Let his end be a solemn warning to everybody to do everything. As the public is no doubt anxious to learn the secret, and we have already read the work before us—a few days more will be finished, and we shall briefly state the means by which the author proposes to enable four men to burn 20,000 acres of land. Such of our readers as are farmers need not start: we positively aver that Mr. Elder thinks he can do all this.

In the first place he proposes to construct a machine which he calls a Satellite, a picture of which we have in the work before us; and which, carrying around a center, and driven by a motive power—either wind, water, or steam—(their) at that centre, is to begin its operations by tra-

The diffusion of geological information, as its benefits become more universally known, increases daily. To further the cause of this science, an association, called the "Boston Society of Natural Geologists" was founded in our city last year. It has been in session during the past week, having adjourned on Saturday last.

There were assembled from different parts of the United States more than thirty gentlemen, members of geological surveys, representatives of almost every division of the country, during which it is likely, however, that his leveraged riders and other relatives in Ohio will insist on burying him at North Bend. On the farm there is an elevated spot of peculiar beauty, commanding a view up and down "a belle river." the Ohio, of seven or eight miles, which Col. Todd has designated for the place of his grave. Should Congress erect a monument to his honor, the voyager would discry it rising my amidst beautiful scenery at a great distance, and think with emotion of his triumphs and his fate.

Presidential Tyler.

John Tyler, new President of the United States, was born in Charles City, Hanover County, Virginia. He has occupied all the intermediate stations between a private citizen and the Executive Chair. He was once a member of the State Bank, and yet when the deposits were removed, he vehemently denounced the act. He was a member of the Senate when Col. Benton introduced the expunging Resolutions, but rather than comply with the instructions of the legislature of Virginia and vote for expunging, he resigned. Instead of his resignation being accepted, he was instructed. He resigned his seat and retired to private life. He was Vice President of the Harrisburg Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison, and gave in his warm and unqualified approbation when he found Mr. Clay's name was set aside.

Presidential and Gubernatorial.

Funeral ceremonies, in honor of the late President, have been held in all the principal towns of the neighboring boroughs of Frankford and Germantown. The exercises of the former place were held on Tuesday last, and consisted of appropriate ceremonies in the evening at the Presbyterian church, and an oration by the Rev. D. Howard. In Germantown, on Thursday, there was a procession, and an oration by the Rev. John Rodney. The ceremonies on both occasions were highly solemn.

Throughout the whole country indeed the people appear to observe suitable ceremonies of like character. The respect thus paid to the late President, whether as an officer or a man, most highly gratify his family.

Fortune's Freaks.

One of the first surgeons in New Orleans was sold in the first short twenty years ago for his passage money, by the captain of the ship which brought him over from Germany. He was bought by a surgeon, who gave him some medical employment, but soon liking his intelligence he took him into his shop, and gave him a thorough medical education.—After a while his patron died, and the lately Dutchman immediately laid siege to the widow's heart, which soon yielded to his attacks, and they were married. He rose to an Alderman, and is deservedly wealthy, fond has the honor of being sued for $25,000 for having improperly cut off a man's leg—a fact heretofore mentioned in our paper.

New Publications.

CORSE DE LEON, OR THE BRIGAND; *a Romance, by G. P. R. James——2 vols——Harper & Brothers.*

James has degenerated into a mere book-maker. His productions seem to be the result of mere labor of intellect as a horse goes his rounds in a mill. Had he not been the author of several fine historical works, and of occasional novels, the whole many of his later works would have fallen still-born from the press.

Corse de Leon is a mere repetition of most of James' former novels. Indeed the same recipe would answer for nearly all his romances. The hero is generally immaculate, and the heroine angelic, and their loves is crossed by some reprobate rival, resolute of the misery he inflicts. To fill up the bye-play there are pirate, soldiers, kings, queens, &c. The general operation of the work is much the same in all. In the present case Corse de Leon is born to the throne of Navarre, but is driven from it by the usurpation of his father's brother. Reduced to the Countship of Bearn, he is driven from that

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IF J. Dyson, Jr. Esq. of New York, is duly authorize ad to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Gleanings in New York City.

IF Wm. B. Tate, of Versailles, Ky. is our agent. We ask Jones Anderson.

To Contributors.

"The Spanish Main," is accepted, and shall appear shortly.

The reply by "Alcestrum," next week.

A subscriber's enquiry respecting Raleigh Bridge is respectfully answered in the affirmative.

"Reason," is on file and will appear as soon as possible.

"Lucy," will hear from us.

"We Were Three." next week.

Our numerous correspondents must have patience, as we are obliged to follow the old maxim "first come first served."

City News.

A Contempt.—Mr. Hubbell, on Wednesday, in his opening to the jury in the case of Doctor Eldridge, gave a history of the Doctor's family, and in the course of his remarks stated that the Doctor's wife had once kept an oyster cellar in this city. The Doctor who was sitting at one corner of the Court House exclaimed in a loud voice to the latter assertion, "That's a lie." Mr. Hubbell stopped speaking, and the Court after consulting together ordered the Doctor to be committed to the jail. The Doctor, however, was released on the second reading, after the Court had fined him $50 for the first contempt.

Harrisburg, April 10, 1841.

The Bank of Pittsburgh has resumed specie payments from upon, asking for a list on all banks.

The Bank of Wilkesbarre has resumed specie payments in Diamond Manufactures.

An Extraordinary Sight in the Ear.—A small chip, a quarter of an inch long, and about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, was removed on Wednesday last from the ear of a child, aged about four years. Mr. Armstrong, introduced a ball for the purpose of extracting the chip, when it came out. Crawford, to be called "Stroud" Armstrong

THE OLIO.

Tattered in the cause of life.
That grass is all no flavor.

Again.
Oh, give me the blue stone!
The basic and bleak
May be just as true one,
I know not, since I
But none shall persuade me
The favored lies
In the heart's that needs me
In other than blest!

I love them! I love them!
I've made up my mind—
The more there's them
Love pure as I feel!
Less radiant its brightness,
Transparent its flow,
Than mortal wrapt in brightness
Eyes mirrored to me!

Cast down in confusion,
Half fear, half delight,
With lower, subdued vision
To brighten the bright.
Oh blue eyes, and that eyes,
And tender and blissful—
Dupes never—but lessons—
What that is—a kiss is!

GOOD RACE VS FIRST PRINCIPLES.—What! all these societies, and excelsiors, and fictiondoms, and all this nonsense on this hill of fair ideas? Whither, ere all these regnums and other fairies rest, ours enough outshine?"

"Certainly—what shall I help you to, sir—some of the bits de trees?"

"Tote de what?"

"Tote de trees."

"Me—he's a perfect stranger. Give me some *boiled ham*—when I fall back upon first principles I know what I'm about."

EASTERN WISDOM.—In the city of Bagdad, a blind man with a jar upon his shoulder and a lantern in his hand was accosted by a person mocking him to the street, thus, "As thou hast no eyes, poor man, of what services to thee will lanterns be then?" "It is not," replied the blind man, "for my own use always I carry it,—it is for fear such a heedless fellow as thou art should run against me, to the loss of my jar, which has cost me much trouble to fill."

JOHN RANDOLPH.—It is said of the eccentric John Randolph, that a political opponent who wished to draw him into a quarrel, one day boldly met him on the sidewalk in Washington, with the remark, "I do not turn out for every vile scoundrel I meet."

"But I," said Randolph, with an expressive wave of the hand, "always do," and suiting the action to the word, he turned one side and went on his way.

SELFISHNESS OR LOVE.—Laugh at me if you will, I know that you men cannot understand this sort of devotion—you do not know the feeling—you are all selfish—aye, the very best of you even in your love. We love with all our souls—love you better than ourselves; you love us, it may be, but always rate us less than yourselves; say, Master Edward, are not lies its fealts; but give them their due merits—they do really love."

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.—Do you admire fine paintings?" asked a gentleman of a young lady, the other day, who seemed extremely pensive at contemplating an exhibition of landscapes. "Yes, indeed," she replied, with the utmost naivete, the blushes upon her cheeks attesting the truth of the remark: "I'm indeed, sir, *I paint myself.*"

INSOLVENT.—The time was when industry was fashionable and none were ashamed to practice it. But they have changed—fashion rules the world, and idler has gone out of fashion with those who can live without it; and until a reform is had, we may bid farewell to many a comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

WITTY.—A rude ignorant fellow called on the late James Howe, the painter, who was so well known for his spirited representations of horses and animals, and inquired of he was the man that "drew the pictures o' brute beasts?" "I am," replied Howe, "shall I take your likeness?"

CHEERFULNESS.—Walking with Coleridge in the country we saw washed linen hanging in a village church yard. He said, "The inhabitants dry these clothes on the graves of their ancestors." After a pause he added, "The scene appears as if the ghosts had hung up their shrouds."

MARRIAGE.—A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair measure left by the builder unfinished. The half that a complete case is destay from neglect, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful.

A CORDIAL SOUL.—A loving healthful sort of a genius went to see his sweetheart one night, and being rather hard run for matter of conversation, said to her, after a long pause, "Thally, did you ever then an owl? what leg eyes they got, hasnt they?"

A GOOD REPORT.—A lawyer once jocingly asked a Quaker if he could tell the difference between sine and fallacies. "O, yes," said the Quaker, "a fallacy is a great lawyer; his sisters are admired by every one; you are sine, but not his sister.

A GREAT TRUTH.—How are we the dupes of show and circumstance! How different is virtue, clothed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue naked and destitute, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness!

MAN COAL.—Mosher, who is this Caroline Cole, that so much is said of in the papers?" "She was a British lady, my son, that McNabb ran away with, and threw over the Niagara.

THE FIRST SUPPLICATION.—An exchange paper says that the most important exercise for a young lady to ask, when a man pops the question, is—"Do you take a newspaper, and pay for it?"

EZEKIEL'S WIT.—One Richard Tate, was recently expelled from Turner, Me., for his impertinence and contempt. Ephraim says the Turner people would not be *Dick-Tate-ed* to.

CONSCIENCE OUT'S SELF.—He who commands himself, commands the world too; and the more authority you have over others, the more command you must have over yourself.

PHRENOLOGICAL.—Hood in his novel of Tylenly Hall, says that phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact that, when a man is puzzled, he scratches his head.

WELLBRIDGE.—"I reckon I'll give over travelling for a spell," as the fat cold water his foot was caught in a steel trap.

A FRIEND IS WELLBRIDGE.—It appears rather equally," as Prince Albert said when the royal "e" slept slowly.

HARD TIMES.—Ask the market gardener "are are turnips?" and he answers that they are *fine —very fat.*

ATTORNEY.—The fool has his heart on his tongue; the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart.

QUERY.—To live quietly one should be blind, deaf and dumb.

The Rising Generation.

We once "visited" a country school in Pumpkinville, kept by a Mr. Obadiah Smith, between a clump of elder bushes and a brook by *Frog pond.* The object of our visit was, of course, to see what progress the "rising generation" were making in the walk of literature and science; and we soon came to the conclusion that we came away highly satisfied, and much more amused.

Having seated our dignified self in the master's stiff, chilly, uncushioned arm log over the other—waiting for the first exhibition.

"Fifth class take their places to read," was the grand signal for an attack on our gravity! at which command out scampered into the middle of the floor an interesting looking lot of urchins; truly! unwashed, unkempt, unshorn and uncombed was the general aspect. After they had writhed, twisted and squirmed through the reading of the usual lesson, came on the spelling! Tim Titmouse, whose low frock and cherished apron ornamented the feet of the class, was a "booby" at spelling—Witness his efforts:

"Timothy, spell *love*."

"H, o, v, lov, e, r, ez, —*luv-ezzes*."

"The next, &c."

"Tim the mark, Timothy, and spell *goat*."

"G, o, g-o, t, t—*go-it*."

Next came a *close* in parsing.

[Master reads:] "Boys are less studious than girls, lickalced patter boys."

"Boys is an indefinite article—imperative mood, singular noun, objective case, and agrees with girls."

"Give your rule."

"Conjunctions always connect nouns and all kinds of genders."—*New York Mercury.*

Scotch Shells.

A priest, "on holy thoughts intent," inquires with due gravity, of an honest yeoman, standing before him at a Scotch country kirk, with his wife by his side, and an infant in his arms for baptism, whether he feels himself prepared for so important an occasion? "*Prepared!*" cries John, in an indignant key, his astonishment fairly getting the better of his reverence for the minister: "I has a fether a' heavenbe hahn', ten tons hame, a gude fat hobbock, an' a gallon o' the best Highlan' whusky; an' I wud just like to ken what mair preparation ye wudd expect frae a man in my condition o' life? He meant 'the christening' at home. A kindred mistake is made by another peasant, who hearing "Prince Albert" prayed for in the service, fancies a small steam-boat of that name as the object intended; and on coming out of church, is greatly incensed, that the minister should so far forget himself as to pray for "the muckle-sheil o' a thing they ca' *Prince Albert*," a craft one smokie bigger than a common wherry, that carries a steam engin, and a sma' steam-kettle in the belly"—the very impudence of the thing was outrageous."

What is It?

"Ephraim, I'm heard something about you."

"You don't say so, Sophronia."

"Yes I have too, and its something very curious."

Well now, what is it, Sophronia, do tell."

"No I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because it's so curious."

"Then you won't tell me?"—

"Why—no—y-y-yes—be I won't, because you will mention it to somebody."

"Never! now what is it you've heard, Sophronia?"

"Won't you mention it, Ephraim?" (Pitting him affectionately on the cheek.)

"Certainly not—tell me now—come do."

"They say—(giving him another soft tap on the cheek)—they say you and I are to be married!"

Double or Quit.

I've counted you. Sir, for twelve months or more.
And see rather more than better—
Tis a heavy game truly I've played, and 'tis so,
I hope you'll allow me to double or quit!

A Flower for Your Window.

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"I don't know what you call barley water," said the patient, "but I call it *pure barley water.*"

Epitaphs.

All over death this cover earth
An owner earth unfold,
And outside may touch us of its birth.
Once its gates of gold.
Then sparkle fire, encoiled all
From the shades and shapes they were,
Though still their primitive features keep
By the laurels they loved before.
We know them not, but feel the mood,
They make in threading all around;
Their office erect and mighty prayer
Pass without noise and sound.
Yet sometimes in unwieldy place,
Soft nature's twilight rests,
We meet them with concerned face,
Outside their golden gates.
Though dim, as they come over be,
Like steps far off and not at ork,
With the sun upon their wings.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SIXTH.

KIT was an elegant next morning, but springing from his bed, he dressed himself hastily, kissed his mother and sister, and hastened to the office. Barry of spirits consequent upon the events of the preceding night, and the prospect of success he had hoped at night, had troubled his sleep strangely. He had been dreaming of Quilp, and was heavy-headed almost but pillow that it was rest to rise.

Mr. Garland was in his private room, great labor with a long parcel before him. "And so you have come at last," said he, looking up. "I suppose you have been to bed a long time.—to be performed on first in that lieutenant of yours, Kit, and I have been waiting myself for you, but only lately arrived. Sit down, sir, and attend to me. I have some painful business to transact with you, and some painful enterprise, certain to task his utmost powers of forbearance and self-command, to perform with you. Sit down, sir, and look me in the face."

Kit looked at his master, and sat down. Before he had been up a quarter of an hour the whole house were acquainted with the circumstances of the night, and the surprising prospects that had opened upon them. Kit, therefore, could do nothing himself, but he overlooked every thing, and he was in a state of excitement which rendered the work of packing and making ready most lovely on, and the parcel which he had brought with him was speedily placed. Then Kit began to wish they had not been quite so hasty, and that they had waited for the coach, and that they had not left the house so early, and that they were there, and there was nothing but breakfast to do. The breakfast was at length over, and they were on the road.

The time was, though. There was Barbara. Barbara was not here, to be sure, but she was in the next village, and they would pass near it. Some few years ago, Barbara had been a source of great anxiety to Kit, and the remembrance of the many struggles which had come upon him on suddenly every night before he could get to sleep, for thinking of her, was still fresh in his mind.—Barbara.

Barbara, the truth must be told—as it ever ought to be. Barbara was not a beauty. Barbara was not a fine lady. Barbara was not the leader of the occasion; and Barbara—had no pretensions to be the queen of any company or life in the service, fancies a small steam-boat of that name as the object intended; and on coming out of church, is greatly incensed, that the minister should so far forget himself as to pray for "the muckle-sheil o' a thing they ca' *Prince Albert*," a craft one smokie bigger than a common wherry, that carries a steam engin, and a sma' steam-kettle in the belly"—the very impudence of the thing was outrageous."

What is It?

"Ephraim, I'm heard something about you."

"You don't say so, Sophronia."

"Yes I have too, and its something very curious."

Well now, what is it, Sophronia, do tell."

"No I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because it's so curious."

"Then you won't tell me?"—

"Why—no—y-y-yes—be I won't, because you will mention it to somebody."

"Never! now what is it you've heard, Sophronia?"

"Won't you mention it, Ephraim?" (Pitting him affectionately on the cheek.)

"Certainly not—tell me now—come do."

"They say—(giving him another soft tap on the cheek)—they say you and I are to be married!"

Double or Quit.

I've counted you. Sir, for twelve months or more.
And see rather more than better—
Tis a heavy game truly I've played, and 'tis so,
I hope you'll allow me to double or quit!

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"Are you a good listener?"

Like most of mankind," returned Mr. Garland, with a smile, "I am sometimes; and if not sometimes, I ought to be, for I am often asked."

"I have a short narrative on my hips," replied the old man, "and will tell it to you, if you please."

Mr. Garland drew his chair a little closer to the old gentleman's sleeve, and composed himself to listen.

"In this district there lived two brothers, who had once been partners in business, but who, having retired from it with handsome fortunes, were now living in the same street, where they resided side by side in two large houses, which were detached from each other by a garden and coach-house. The younger brother was a bachelor, and had never married; but the elder had been married many a day, and had a family. The younger brother was rich, and the elder was rich, and both were wholly retired from business.

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"The younger brother had been a thrifty man in his youth, and had married early in life a woman who had a little money, and who was a notable housewife. She had died, and left him with one child, a daughter, who was now grown up. The elder brother had married a woman who had no money, and who was a notable housewife. She had died, and left him with a family of children, who were now grown up. The younger brother's daughter was the prettiest girl in the world, and the elder brother's daughters were the prettiest girls in the world. The younger brother's daughter was the prettiest girl in the world, and the elder brother's daughters were the prettiest girls in the world. The younger brother's daughter was the prettiest girl in the world, and the elder brother's daughters were the prettiest girls in the world.

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